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plication of the proprietors) until arrears are paid.

Agriculture.

LAUGHABLE TRIAL OF CHURNS.—The Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland, one of the noblest and most efficient means of reform in that country, has just closed a most successful exhibition at Waterford. The trials of implements closed with a very amusing one of churns, of which eight were put in competition, viz:—Moore & Clarke's Yankee Hydrothermal America; Standing's oval upright, worked by two dashers, turning inside; Stranahan's barrel, old fashioned pattern, turned round on its own frame; Richmond & Chandler's, with double dashers; Fisher's oblong, worked by lever dasher; Gray's, the dashers are two perforated boards, with open ends, worked from either end of churn, and turning opposite ways; Shaw's upright round churn, with plunging dasher, worked by wheels, and Allen and Mitchell's, worked by a large fly-wheel motion, lifting an upright plunging dasher, on the principle of scale and beam motion. These were all supplied with milk (not cream, which could not be obtained readily) according to the request or approval of the exhibitors. All being in readiness, time was called, and it was truly ludicrous to see so many active fellows at work in right good earnest, some taking three, others two to one each, according to size. The Yankee cheered first, having obtained in ten minutes, but the subsequent 'gathering' was proportionally longer, he obtained one pound of butter from three gallons of milk. Stranahan next cried 'butter' in 19 minutes, but he was a considerable time 'gathering'; he obtained 3 lbs. 12 ozs. from ten gallons of milk. Standing next called 'butter,' 20 1/2 minutes, but he was forty minutes before it 'gathered,' he obtained 3 lbs. 6 ozs. from 12 gallons of milk. Gray next announced butter, 21 1/2 minutes, and soon 'gathered'; he obtained 3 1/4 lbs. from 12 gallons. Fisher now said, 'I have butter,' but it turned out he had churned butter some time previously, but it took him 32 1/2 minutes to complete his task from the commencement, his churn was very small; he obtained 1 1/4 lb. from 1 1/2 gallons. Allen and Mitchell next cried 'butter,' and it was 'gathered' within 30 minutes, they obtained 3 1/4 lbs. from 11 gallons of milk. Shaw kept on for one hour and fifteen minutes, but as no prospect of butter appeared, he withdrew. This churn dasher moved too quickly. The prize was awarded to Stranahan's barrel churn.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.—There is plenty of work to be done in the fruit garden, even when, as in the present year, the getting in of the crop does not cost much time or labor. Examine your orchard carefully, and see what trees are unthrifty or have died; manure the former abundantly, and replace the latter with the best varieties you can find. While peaches and apricots will do better if set out in the spring, apple and pear trees may be planted this month without danger, and even cherries and plums if dry ground be selected for them. See if there is no spot that can be made available for this purpose; if your lanes and fences are not already lined with fruit trees, ornament your farm and increase the comforts of your successors, by running rows of choice varieties beside them. Do not let a failure in your last planting discourage you; you may have better fortune this time. If there are no shade trees around your house, set some out immediately.

NOVEMBER WIND.
The wind it singeth loudly,
The wind it singeth long,
The far-away blue mountain,
And the storm-cloud in its song,
The cold of the ice and snow,
The head's rugged mound,
The crest of the wave it raised,
It sped the wide world round.
We'll listen, there it bloweth,
We'll listen, wayward wind,
Once it cometh, where it goeth,
And its dwelling, who shall find?
We'll listen, it crieth,
Sighing it would say,
Let me in to rest my wing,
I hate me on my way.
Why I cannot let thee in,
We weary, waiting child;
My father, seek thy mother,
Ask thy house upon the wild.
I have no home, I have no sire,
I am a lonely thing;
Thee, I'll rouse your drowsy fire,
Strike your wild harp-string;
We'll the night is dark and cold,
The snow drifts at the door,
I say! thou art too bold,
To chase the wide world o'er.

IN THE STARLIGHT.
BY ALBERT LAUGHTON.
The flowers that grow the field of space,
The mortal earth what time the Day
And Heaven, in floods of living light;
When portals to the light in flood,
Shine with beauty, as it tried
The Paradise, or named by seraph wings;
The sands upon a timeless shore;
The angels made in sapphires walks;
The sun the level and lost of Earth;
The roll in silence through the void,
Enter that all the light thought,
The ye of old, and read their lives
In light, and heaven eyes have gazed
Wonder on your loveless.
The powerful beauty I will bow,
Will be to the types of God,
And jeweled floor of His abode;
And when the Angel Death
To lead me there, O may it be
The night, as such an hour as this,
As in childhood, and your crystal fire
Now, that they may light
The valley for my fainting foot.

Selected Tale.

THE CHILD'S LESSON.

It was a stormy evening, and the snow was falling thick and fast, while the wind howled mournfully about the streets and alleys of the great metropolis, with a melancholy, wailing sound, like the voice of a homeless ghost. The foot passengers hurried along, shawled and muffled to the very ears, beggars, crouched, shivering, in doorways and under sheds, and as the darkening twilight gradually descended, the whole scene wore an aspect of bleak and intense gloom. Even the wealthy merchant, as he stood in the door of his magnificent establishment on Broadway, shuddered, involuntarily, as he wrapped his frail limbs closer about his throat preparatory to facing the storm, on his homeward way.

Just as he was about to step from the warm and luxurious atmosphere of the stove, into the biting air without, his agent came hurrying in, with a bundle of papers under his arm, and wearing a business-like demeanor, which at once attracted the notice of his employer.

'Well?' interrogated the merchant, shortly, for he was impatient to be at home.

'I am late, sir, I know,' said the agent, 'but I was unavoidably detained. That poor woman down on Morden street, cannot pay this quarter's rent again. Last quarter she was deficient, also, and I see plainly that you can expect nothing from her.'

'Well,' said the merchant, coldly, as he drew on his gloves, 'what is the use of troubling me with this affair? I suppose you know what to do about it?'

'I know, sir,' responded the agent, who, although what is generally termed a 'hard business man,' was not without a gleam of latent kindness in his heart, 'but her situation is really very bad. Hasland dead—children alive—poor miserable—she says she has worked her fingers to the very bone to raise the rent, and I believe it to be so, from all I have seen—'

'I don't know that I'm to be responsible for everybody else's misfortunes,' interrupted the merchant, still more sharply. 'Why did she take a house, if she could not pay for it? I can make no exception to my ordinary rules.'

'But, sir,' pleaded the agent, 'to turn any one out such weather as this—so sickly, too, as they seem—'

'If I once begin, there will be no end to this sort of thing,' said the merchant, pushing past the speaker; 'general rules must bear hard on particular cases. I can't afford to lose my rent in this manner. Let every one take care of himself, say I!'

He nodded hurriedly as he spoke, and passed into the open air. It was no slight task to breast the angry storm, and as the merchant pressed along, holding his luxurious wrapper closely to his chest, he could not banish one or two slight twinges of conscience respecting his late interview with the agent. However, he tried to check that 'still, small voice' of the internal monitor, by the business maxims which are so ready on the lips of the world—maxims which may do well to stifle the reproachful thrill that sometimes haunts the hardest hearts, but which will shrink into worse than nothing when pleaded before the awful bar of God!

'Please, sir, a penny!' mourned a voice, as he struggled onward, and a gaunt hound was laid on his arm. 'I never begged before, sir, and it's little I ask now of your abundance.'

The merchant looked around with an angry frown as he met the appealing gaze of two dark, hollow eyes. It was a mere boy, slender and pale, as he saw by the dim, flickering light of the gas lamp, close by.

'Not a farthing!' he cried, sternly. 'Beggars everywhere! Can't you leave me a minute's peace?'

He hastened onward with impatient speed, while the boy sank back on a doorstep with a low, half-audible sob, bursting from the depths of a breaking heart.

The sound caught the rich man's ear. He looked around half-irresolutely, but in an instant went on, exclaiming, 'a worthless impostor, no doubt!—let the public authorities take care of him. It's none of my business.'

And yet, little as the reader might suspect it, this man could be both generous and kind-hearted. In the family circle, in the church, among his friends, he scattered money and kind words with liberal profusion; but in all the little charities of daily, work-day life, his heart was closed to the mute appeal of want—closed by long habit and by the false laws and maxims that surround so many in their intercourse with the world.

One or two more blocks were soon passed, and he stood in the entrance to his own magnificent home. The soft light, streaming through colored glass, above

the door—the carved marble pillars that supported lofty arches—the rosewood paneling and mosaic pavement, all bespoke wealth and luxury in the highest degree. And when the door was opened, what a scene of Eastern splendor broke on the view.

Gleaming statues, leaning from their sculptured pedestals, along the stately entrance saloon—hot-house flowers throwing their perfume on the warm and fragrant air—glittering chandeliers and sofas and couches of velvet and satin—everything that the magician gold could conjure up, was there.

Hardly had the merchant entered, when a slight little figure came bounding down the flight of marble stairs, at the farther end of the hall, to meet him. A fair, slender thing, she was scarcely eight years old, with long curls, like shining coils of gold, and deep, serene eyes, and as she ran joyously into his arms, he held her to his heart with a tender, loving clasp, which showed how dear she was to him.

She was the orphaned only child of his only sister—the sole heiress to all his princely wealth, and the one being upon earth whom he worshipped more than his gold—the little frail bark, whose tiny life contained all the treasures of his heart's deepest love.

She led him up stairs to the drawing-room—an apartment even more royally splendid than the spacious hall below. The stately windows were draped in heavy silken folds, whose graceful flow swept the floor. Deep, richly tinted pictures brought from foreign lands, hung on the walls—rare birds in gilded cages swung from silver chains fastened to the frescoed ceiling—Oriental vases threw back the gleam of the glowing grate from their polished surfaces, and vast mirrors multiplied every object in endless succession wherever you might turn. In truth, the room seemed more like an enchanter's palace than the abode of mortal man.

The merchant sat down before the glowing grate, with one arm at his side, and listened, with a loving smile, to all her innocent, childish prattle, for every silver accent was precious to him, and he held her tiny hand closely in his own, as if fearful lest some fell disease should snatch that baby bloom from her infant cheek, even while she was surrounded by every safeguard that wealth and power could give. So timorous and apprehensive is love.

'Uncle, what have you been doing to-day?' asked the child, at length, after a slight pause.

'Why, little one, you could not understand all these business affairs—your curly head must be filled with pleasant matters. I have been piling up money for you, Amy—loading off ships for the East—and planning about a thousand different schemes.'

The little girl sat looking thoughtfully into the fire for a moment or two.

'But I mean, uncle,' she resumed, in an instant, with a wistful gaze, 'have you been doing anything that will make you feel happy when you lie awake at night, listening to the wind?'

The merchant looked at her, half surprised—while an uneasy—almost a guilty feeling startled him, as if some rash hand had drawn aside the curtain of his most secret soul. Her simple words seemed to awake buried memories in his heart, and an old sentence crept into his brain that he had not thought of for a long time, and almost unconsciously he murmured aloud those solemn and sublime words, 'Hear ye the songs in the night?'

'I remember that, Uncle!' cried the little one, her grave face breaking into a quick sunny smile. 'Miss Warner makes me learn a verse every day from the Bible, and I learned that not long ago.'

'Indeed, that's a good plan my little rosebud,' said the old man, not sorry for a reasonable excuse to turn the conversation for, sundry intrusive misgivings were ranking in his mind. 'What have you learned to-day?'

Little Amy crossed her hands softly on her breast—a childish habit, but most beautiful and innocent!—and looked upward with a reverent air, while she softly repeated the sentence:

'Freely have ye received, freely give.'

The merchant started from his chair as if struck by a thunder bolt. He stood irresolute a moment and then began to pace the floor with a hurried, uneven step, appearing unaware of little Amy's questions and astonished look.

How plainly they rose before him—the meek, pale face of the poor widow, whose home he had that day taken from her—the hollow eyes of the beggar at the roadside—ten thousand other haunting shadows peopling every corner of that regal apartment. While like a trumpet sounded in his ears the prophetic words, 'freely ye have received, freely give.'

'Where is my hat, Amy dear?'

'Why don't you hear the snow beat up against the window, Uncle? Are you going out again in the wind and storm?'

'I must, my darling. There is something very important that I have forgotten.'

And he went forth again into the darkness, and howling tempest, with a strong, brave resolution, striving in his heart against the pang of remorse that the sweet child's voice had unwittingly awakened.

As he turned to look back for an instant, he beheld an infant face at the bright window, with long, sunny curls falling around its earnest brow. She was watching him on his way—his little guardian angel.

The boy still sat on the doorstep in a narrow street, with his face buried in his hands, and apparently lost in a sort of stupor. The merchant softly touched his shoulder. He looked up with a start, but almost ere his bewildered eyes could recognize any distinct form in the dim lamplight, he was alone again, while the glimmering ray was reflected from a broad gold piece in his hand. He staggered to his feet with a faint exclamation, and the wealthy merchant went on his way, rendered richer, far, by the blessings of him that was ready to perish.

It was growing late, and no one was in the store when the merchant arrived there, except his agent and book keeper, who were comparing some accounts. They both rose to their feet, astonished at this most unusual apparition.

'Mr. Parker!'

'Sir?'

'Did you follow my directions about that woman—that poor widow in Morden street?'

'I haven't yet, sir,' stammered the agent, with a guilty, apologetic air, 'the time has been too short. The first thing to-morrow I intend to—'

'Tell her she may keep the house for the present, and we'll say nothing about the rent. We mustn't be hard upon these poor people. Mr. Parker—And stand round to my house to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done for her.'

Before the good natured agent could express his sincere pleasure at this novel aspect of things, the door had closed, and his employer was hastening home again, with a far lighter and more cheerful heart.

'It is true,' he mused, while his foot steps mechanically trod the old accustomed route, 'I am but almoner of my father's bounty. Strange that it never occurred to me before how much good might be done in the highways and byways of this world. How many, many years I have walked on the path of luxury, while my brethren were fainting on the waysides for but a morsel of my overflowing plenty. It shall be so no more. The future is my own; but for the long, irrevocable past, God forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself!'

The red glow of the fire was shining over a silent group in that lofty room—the merchant in his easy chair, with an open book on the little marble stand at his side, and the beautiful child sitting at his feet, her fair face half in shadow, and the sunny hair parted back from the transparent brow, like bands of gold. The serious, tender eyes, blue and dewy, like forest violets, were fixed on the old man's countenance, with loving earnestness.

'What are you murmuring to yourself, uncle, dear?'

'I ask, my little Amy!'

He held the old and time-worn bible so that the fire-light gleamed upon its sacred page, and bending down the little child read the sweet words:

'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise!'

Bayard's Warning.

Bayard Taylor, in one of his letters from Norway, thus describes the Norwegian method of giving the traveller a warm reception:

'At sunset we left the lake and climbed a long wooded mountain, to a height of two thousand feet. It was a weary pull until we reached the summit; but we rolled swiftly down the other side to the inn of Teterud, our destination, which we reached about ten P. M. It was quite light enough to read, yet everybody was in bed, and the place seemed deserted, until we remembered what latitude we were in. Finally the landlord appeared, followed by a girl, whom on account of her size and blubber, Braisted comported to a cow whale. She had been turned out of her bed to make room for us, and we two instantly turned into the warm hollow she had left—my Nilotie friend occupying a separate bed in another corner. In the morning I was aroused by Braisted exclaiming, "there she blows!" and the whale came up to the surface with a huge pot of coffee, some sugar candy, excellent cream and masty biscuit.'

A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:

'Loving her praise in poetry
For her, as more and ever,
I give whole phials of bitter tears,
And wipe them with my sleeve.'

Respect old Age.
There, give him all the path. Tread slowly and reverently in his presence.—Hush that rude laughter, check that idle jest. See you not upon his temples the snows of many winters? See you not the sunken eye, the bowed form, the thin hand upon whose surface the blue veins stand out like cords. Gone are the beauty and the strength of manhood, and in that faded eye but little light is left, save that of love and kindness. That voice has lost its music, save the soft, undertone of affection.

Sit down, young friend and hear that story of olden time; and if in looking backwards into the mists of the past, he sometimes forgets—sometimes confounds dates, and incidents, or tells the same old tale for the twentieth time, think over what a vast, vast field his laboring memory wanders. Think, over what a checkered web of events, thought takes her beaten track, down into the depths of years. Oh, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the anxieties and wrongs, and sufferings he rouses from their dreamy beds, as he fights his battles o'er again.

'And scenes long lost, of joy and pain, Come widdering o'er his aged brain.'

Standing upon the boundary line between life and the dimmed future, his feet would fain turn backward into the paths of the past. One moment he longs for rest—the next come back the mocking memories of departed joys. The thorns have dropped silently away amidst the leaves of the roses he gathered in childhood and youth—their beauty and fragrance alone remain.

Oh, you in whose bounding veins young life yet lingers, and you in the full beauty and vigor of manhood respect the aged!—Speak gently, hush the rude laugh, check the idle jest, listen to the wisdom which is the voice of experience. Cheer him with kind words; encircle him with your strong arm, and lead him as he descends the Western hill, and let him rest upon his temple already drifting in the cool breeze which comes up from the valley of death.

Honor the aged that he may leave you his blessing on the threshold of the unknown land. Honor him and God will raise up for you friends to remove the thorns from the last league of your life-journey; for the sake of the weary one of long ago, who never wept for your ingratitude; whose bowed form never struggled with a weight of care or grief which you might have carried, while you walked carelessly along, intent upon ease and pleasure.

Honor the aged, for his sake who was old before the world was—whose life is from everlasting to everlasting.

Honor him that feebly walketh

With his staff the white haired sage,

God will curse the wretch that mocketh

Hoary hairs, with slighted age.

A Three Minute Horse.

A certain Dr. Blank had a horse so thoroughly used up as to be worthless—the only good 'points' remaining being where the bones distended the skin. So he prepared to dispose of him in this wise. He went into the stable with a lath and gave the animal a regular rib-basting three times a day, until finally, whenever the excited horse heard his step, or saw his face, he would begin to kick and plunge like one possessed. Arrived at this point, the doctor borrowed the decorated blanket of a once well known nag, called 'White Feather,' and enveloping the remains of his horse in it, sent him to auction to be sold, with direction to the auctioneer to 'let him slide' if he could get a bid of forty dollars. In the meantime the brute was advertised as a celebrated horse—kind in harness—had made his mile inside of three minutes—was handy at the plow—and sold only because the owner had no further use for him.

On the day of the sale, a crowd gathered—among which was the Doctor, whom the horse no sooner saw, than he began to manifest signs of uneasiness, which the auctioneer called life and spirit! The first bid was seventy-five dollars, and soon ran up to one hundred—one hundred and twenty-five—one hundred and fifty—at which price the nag was pronounced sold. The buyer (a down easter) paid the money and harnessed the spirited animal to his wagon, informing the crowd that he was going to Cape Cod, where he himself belonged.

He had not been absent more than an hour, when he was seen—wending his way back, not having got quite so far as Cape Cod! He told the auctioneer that he had returned to make some inquiries, which perhaps it would have been as well to have made before he bought the horse.

'You said this animal had made his mile under three minutes?'

'Yes.'

'May I be allowed to inquire how long since?'

'Certainly—within three weeks.'

'One question more—where did he do it?'

'On the Rutland Railroad cars—down grade.'

The present owner made up his mind instantly, that the term 'sold' had a double signification.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1702-3.

Greenwich.
John Heath,
Jamestown.

Joseph Mowry, John Hall,
New Shoreham.
Edward Sands, Thos Rathbone,
Nathaniel Sprague, chosen Speaker,
Nathaniel Coddington, Clerk.

May 5th by Election were chosen.
SAML CRANSTON, Gov.
WALTER CLARKE, Dep.
Assistants.

Henry Tew, Nathl Coddington,
Wm Hopkins, Joseph Williams,
Joseph Sheffield, Giles Shennan,
Ben Smith, James Green,
Jeffrey Champlin, John Edridge,
Walter Clarke, Recorder,
William Hancock, Treasurer,
Nathan Dyer, Attorney General.

The Assembly adjourned to and met again the 22d of June, 1703.

The Commissioners of Rhode Island, and the Commissioners of Connecticut held a meeting at Stonington on the 12th of May 1703, at which meeting a full agreement was concluded settling the principle upon which the boundary line between the two colonies should be run and established. A copy of the said agreement we here present as taken from Trumbull's History of Connecticut, vol 1, page 472.

That the middle channel of Pawcatuck river, alias Narragansett river, as it extends from the salt water upwards, till it comes to the mouth of Ashaway river, and from thence to run in a straight line till it meet with the south west bounds or corner of Warwick neck, which is the southeasterly bounds of said purchase; and from the said southwest bounds or corner of said purchase, to run upon a line till it meet with the south line of the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, the fixed and stated line between the said colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island.—Always provided, and it is hereby intended, that nothing in the aforementioned agreement, or any clause thereof, shall be taken or deemed to be the breach or making void of the fourth article in the agreement made between the agents of the said colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island, viz: John Winthrop Esq. and Mr. John Clarke, for maintaining property, dated April 7th 1663, but that the same shall be kept and justly performed according to the true meaning and intent thereof; and that all former grants confirmed by the authority of Connecticut colony within the township of Westerly, in the colony of Rhode Island, shall be duly observed and maintained as fully and amply to all intents and purposes, as if they were lying or continued in the bounds of the colony, by the authority of which it was granted or purchased.

Notwithstanding this agreement, Rhode Island about this time disowned its authenticity, pretending that their commissioners were not empowered to conclude fully and finally, upon such settlement. The cause was heard by the King in Council some years after, and decided according to the agreement of the commissioners as stated above.

September 27th, 1728, the line was fully ascertained and distinguished by proper monuments and boundaries. Roger Wolcott, James Wadsworth and Daniel Palmer on the part of Connecticut, and William Jenckes in behalf of Rhode Island, were the committees for running and final fixing of the line.

The controversy with Connecticut now seemed to be drawing toward a close, as appears by the following act.

'Whereas, after a long, tedious and expensive debate between her Majesty's colony of Rhode Island &c., and her Majesty's colony of Connecticut concerning the bounds between the aforesaid colonies, the even difference being now finally issued, agreed and determined, as by an instrument under the hands and seals of several persons being thereto lawfully called, empowered and commissioned, as by the commissioners being produced to this Assembly do at large appear as well in behalf of her Majesty's Colony of Connecticut as on the behalf of His Majesty's Colony of Rhode Island, and the which Commissioners and agreements being allowed and approved of by this Assembly, do therefore order that the aforesaid commissions and agreements shall be forthwith entered upon the public records of this her Majesty's colony, and that the Recorder shall be allowed for the same out of the General Treasury.' Capt. James Cardar of Warwick, and Jec. Mumford of Newport were appointed on the part of Rhode Island to survey the line between the two colonies according to the agreement, giving timely notice to Connecticut to appoint men on her part for a like purpose.

Country Courts established on the Main.

'Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that there shall be two Courts of Justice

ROBERT C. PIERCE, Esq., (a native of this city) has been elected a representative from New Bedford to the Massachusetts Legislature.

In one night one hundred and eighty-two persons were arrested in New York and taken to the various station houses, and of these, one hundred and eighteen were Irish, thirty-five Americans, sixteen Germans, six English, five Scotch, and two French.

A terrific gale and snow storm on Lake Michigan and Superior, on the 19th ult., was attended with the loss of many lives, and much property. Several vessels and steamers were lost, and their cargoes also were destroyed.

families, some of them numbering nine members each, applied for and received assistance from the overseers of the Poor in Fall River R. I., on Tuesday. The number of those needing relief is constantly increasing, and unless our manufactures start soon there must be an immense amount of suffering in our midst. It has been suggested, and the suggestion is a good one, that where establishments resume, or are in operation, only in part, preference be given to married men, or to persons having families dependent upon them.

Flour.—During the war of 1812, a barrel of flour at Buffalo cost \$70, in consequence of the almost impassable state of the roads thither, and the snail-like travel of the horse and wagon line.

Pork butchers must be coming money one time, for while a selection from the tons can be made for 6-14 cents, and back hogs are sold at 5-24 cents, hog meat, retailing at 12, 12½ and 13 cents, and there is a loss in slaughtering of only one sixth of the weight of the animal.

A newsboy who took a \$10 piece from a man, by mistake, for a cent, and persisted in keeping it, was turned out of the Newsboys' Lodging House, Saturday night, in New York, after being compelled to give up the money.

the cows that have been kept on distillery tops are cut off from their feed, and are driven to hay and meal.

.....

If poison should be swallowed accidentally, take two spoonfuls of ground mustard, mixed with water. It will operate as an instantaneous emetic.

.....

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.—It is said by many that economy will be "fashionable" this winter. The "oldest inhabitant" has never before heard anything like it.

.....

The extent of the surface of the great American lake is 90,000 square miles.

The New York National Guard have voted a purse of \$1000 to Corporal L. J. ... of the Providence Marine Artillery ...ured while firing a salute which honored ...egiment on their recent visit to ...

At the Newsboys' Lodging House ...w York, two boys sleep spoon fashion ...one bed two feet wide, says the Superintendent.

IF Any size made to order, **COTTRELL & BRYER,**
 June 29, 1884. 37 Church Street.
Sweet Potatoes fine and fresh at
 R. WILSON'S.

of sale work, consisting of Ladies' and Misses' Boots, Walking Shoes and Slippers, together with a complete assortment of Men's ready Boots and Shoes; all of which are offered at low prices as at any other establishment.